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A trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

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A TRIP TO

THE
HAWAIIAN
ISLANDS

With Compliments of
DR. C. E. SAWYER
MARION, OHIO.

A Trip to
The
Hawaiian
Islands

Written by request
for the
Marion Daily Star
by
Dr. C. E. Sawyer,
White Oaks Farm
Marion, Ohio

A Trip to the Hawaiian Islands



THE magnitude of this great country of ours is never fully realized until after a trip through the South, West, and our territorial domains in the Pacific. To get to the far off Hawaiian islands from the middle states, one passes much that is noteworthy. The traveler from Ohio sees nothing of special interest until he reaches St. Louis, and for 200 miles across the great state of Missouri there is but slight change in landscape and natural production.

Leaving Missouri one finds much that is new and interesting. The broad alfalfa fields of Oklahoma; the cotton fields of central Texas; the desert of Mexico and Arizona, interspersed with plain and mountain, call forth from the traveler expressions of wonder and delight as the changing scene brings new vistas to view.

Other Interesting Things.

The country, the soil and its products, the varied industries, the scenery and the climate are not all that is interesting and entertaining. The people who live here and the changes they have wrought all appeal to one's sense of greatness of our country and the vastness of its resources. Here, there and yonder, are villages, towns and cities, peopled with grand men and women engaged in the useful things of life, at peace with the world and all mankind, living to the full in the spirit of American freedom and American progress.

In the great state of Texas we find many new ideas and ideals. In the schools and churches, the industries and trades are to be found much worthy of emulation. From the Texan, adopted or native, one gets much of inspiration. I recall a meeting with the chamber of commerce of San Antonio, where was manifested, in attendance and spirit, the enthusiasm and interest which spell success for any community, and here we learned the lesson of growth and development of this great state, and that lesson was thrift and industry.

ON MEXICAN BORDER.

After twenty hours of travel from San Antonio on a rapid express train one finds himself on the Mexican border at El Paso. The boundary between the United States and our revolutionary neighbors, is spanned by a short bridge, crossing which, one is at Juarez, the seat of so many revolutions and battles.

One need only look about here for a few moments to know why peace in Mexico does not prevail, for here is shown to the greatest degree the gambling habit and the shiftless disposition of the Mexicans.

The Mexican Army.

Here at Juarez is one of the great gambling places of the world and through the moneys obtained by the games of chance of all kinds, the so-called Mexican army is maintained; and such an army. We chanced to see a company coming off guard. This guard, which was said to be a representative one, was composed of boys and men, small in stature and stooped in form; all wearing that expression of hopelessness which prevails among all of their kind. An appearance of subjection to the coarser element of life, a look of despair that words will not describe, heightened by their dark, greasy skin, all emphasize their inferiority as a race.

This, however, is not to be wondered at, for the cause for which they are fighting has no principle and the outcome no hope; therefore as a race they will doubtless go on to extermination, which in my opinion is nature's course.

HIS DECIDED VIEW.

For one I am in accord with the policy that helps them to means for their own elimination, but when the time has come those who remain will be grateful for such protection as Uncle Sam alone can afford. Then let the United States extend her strong arm and bring into our family of states this revolution-ridden paradise. Fate is sometimes slow in reaching a point, but always sure; so I feel that in the final order of things it shall be written that the United States will control Mexico and all other Central American states to the Panama canal.

Rested by Excursion.

A short excursion into Mexico has rested us and again entraining for the night, the second morning finds us gliding into the fertile valleys of the Pacific coast, where all the agricultural pursuits have changed in form and habit. We are in the land of California sunshine, where in a semi-tropical climate, oranges, lemons and nuts vie with each other in productiveness.

No one ever sees California once that does not look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the renewal of experiences, where, in midwinter, one enjoys all the glories of bloom and beauty, which everywhere abound. The cosmopolitan people, the joy of meeting inhabitants from the old home state, the renewal of friendships of the past are the constant engagement; for out here the citizenship is made up of the best from the East and Middle West, and the disposition to make one at home so great one can not be a stranger long.

California Developing.

California is developing rapidly. Everywhere one turns are evidences of wonderful changes and increasing wealth. California is a great state in size as well as resources. It is 125 miles from Los Angeles to San Diego, where is to be found much of general interest at all times, but at this time the special feature of delight is the Panama-California exposition, which, in a way, is vieing with San Francisco in demonstrating to visitors that San Diego has much of personal pride and of state and community interest. At San Diego a feeling of stability possesses one as one approaches the exposition buildings, for most of the buildings are of reinforced concrete construction, built to last, and are to become to following generations historical monuments.

The grounds, parks and approaches, all abound with pleasing verdure and beautiful flowers, interesting plants, shrubs and trees appear in magnificent splendor which ever way one may chance to look.

Beyond Description.

It would require a much more extensive vocabulary than I have at my command to convey all the wonderful and interesting things the beautiful buildings contain. Here one may study man from the earliest ages in a most

interesting way, and tracing him from his beginning until the present time, one finds in his development and production volumes of interest.

Turning from what history and discovery relate, to what this same human being has wrought, one is led into all the labyrinths of trade, the varied industries, agriculture, horticulture, mechanics, manufacturing, etc., also along the avenues of professional advancement and scientific research into the arts and sciences with their bewildering wonders.

This exposition is a great popular educator and fortunate indeed is the man, woman or child who can have some time to spend at the Panama-California exposition. It was our gracious privilege to meet the directors, commissioners and officers of the exposition. Their acquaintance and our impression of them will always furnish pleasant remembrances. They are all men of the broadest American type, who live not for themselves alone, but for the good of the community of which they are a part. To have brought about this wonderful exposition, they have been unselfish, generous, whole-souled men of such type as any community may well be proud.

SPIRIT NEEDED HERE.

My own impression of them was such as to make me feel that this spirit of true citizenship is just such as we need in our own city of Marion if we would occupy the place to which we aspire. Narrowness, selfishness, stinginess or dissatisfaction with what we have and are, should have no place in our community if we hope to keep pace with the progressing world.

From San Diego it is but a few hours' ride through a delightful country to Los Angeles. A great Pacific metropolis of 400,000 inhabitants—a city which has made the most extensive and marvelous growth of any American city.

Meet Many Surprises.

Here one meets many surprises. First of all are the most gracious and delightful people; men, women and children, who meet you with a cheering smile and a gracious good-morning that start you on to a perfect day. By the way, little courtesies to friends and neighbors are the greatest blessings one can bestow. The little things which

cost nothing to the giver are often of greatest value to the recipient and this is what is practiced every day in this land of sunshine, hope and accomplishment.

In this section are raised all the farm, garden and fruit products to be found anywhere on the continent, besides many products with which we of the East are unfamiliar. In a land where frost rarely comes; where climate, in summer as well as winter, is so tempered as to be delightful; where one can see from their homes mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, with beautiful fruit-laden orange trees, the gorgeous bloom of never-ending flowers nestling at their base, and in a few hours' travel can have their choice of climate, from June to January, from midsummer to mid-winter, one finds here in nature all the beauties, all the pleasing attractiveness, all the joy inspiring presence that makes life in this land ideal.

A Glorious Place.

Its sunshine, its invigorating air, its blue sky and its attractive mountains, together with its hundreds and hundreds of bungalow homes, makes of it a glorious place in which to reside. For here one feels at least his declining years will be spared much of the disturbing discomfort and cold of the Eastern states and that he will be afforded much of comfort and happiness in passing the stage of natural decline.

I would not have my readers think this an old man's country, for no where on the continent is there more industry and enterprise than here. Wherever one turns are evidences of thrift and untiring effort. It is not a home of or for drones. In this land of promise one finds great oil and gas wells, producing the necessary fuel for heat, light and power; fine macadam roads stretching in all directions, educational advantages unsurpassed. This applies not only to children but adults as well, for aside from the most modern schools for the young, there are also numerous post-graduate institutions for adults. Ignorance is absolutely inexcusable.

A Better Tendency.

Therefore, vice, misery and want are infrequent; in fact everything here tends to make one better, more useful and vastly more successful; for wherever favorable natural environments are brought in union with education-

al advancement, the world is sure to be better. These two attributes, coupled together, will do more than any of the laws ever enacted or all the Socialistic principles ever evolved.

The special features of Los Angeles alone would fill a book, but as I am not writing a book, I will have you join me as we board the night train for San Francisco.

In Ohio, we think 500 miles a long way and make of it a journey, but, here in the West, it only means an overnight run, and the morning finds us in the New York of the Pacific coast. We were here ten years ago, just before the fire.

Seems Less Ominous.

I say fire rather than earthquake because the San Franciscan never speaks of the quake, but just of the fire. It seems less ominous, I suppose; then, too, I think they wish to forget; but really they are still like the Irishman who said he would forgive and forget Mike's offense, but he couldn't help but think of it every time he saw him. It is truly wonderful how this new and beautiful city has arisen from its ashes. One can scarcely imagine the transformation. Here today is a truly wonderful modern city with nothing lacking in thrift, industry, modern convenience or hospitality. Buildings, streets, walks, transportation facilities, church and educational advantages, with trades and commercial institutions, grand and glorious in their operation, truly this San Francisco is a marvel and I will have more to say of it upon returning from Honolulu.

Gems of the Pacific.

Twenty-one hundred miles out in the Pacific ocean, a little south by west from San Francisco, are a group of islands known as the Hawaiian islands. They are known as the Gems of the Pacific Ocean and they form the great cross roads of the Pacific. In this center, the steamship lines from the Orient and Occident pass in almost continuous procession.

It was on one of these big ocean liners, the "Matsonia," of the Matson lines, San Francisco, that we secured passage. A 15,000-ton ship of modern type which plies regularly between San Francisco and Honolulu. The usual trip is made in six days, but on account of a severe storm at sea we were twenty-four hours late in arriving at our destination.

A STORM AT SEA.

On leaving San Francisco the sky was overcast with clouds, a fresh breeze from off shore and increasing cloudiness soon found us battling with a troubled sea.

The wind, which on passing the Golden Gate had only been a stiff breeze, soon became a gale and in a few hours this gale had developed into a hurricane. The wind was blowing ninety-five miles an hour and our great ocean machine was plowing through billows that washed her decks, fore and aft, with such violence as to necessitate passengers remaining in their state-rooms and most of the time in bed. The fourth night conditions became worse. The gang plank was washed away, a long section of the rail on the starboard side of the ship was torn off, doors and windows in state-rooms smashed. It is hardly necessary to tell how we felt, except to remark that we were all very glad when, on the morning of the sixth day, the storm subsided, the sky cleared and we were able to be on deck.

Something About Seasickness.

I say when we were able—I should have said when I was able, for I followed the rule of the ship most of the time, which was six meals a day, three down and three up. It was a game of losing what you gained, so at the end of the voyage I was not ahead of the game, even though I had paid full fare.

Seasickness, by the way, is not a pleasant experience. When afflicted with it one loses confidence in themselves and their self-respect diminishes as the fishes fatten.

I had always thought, because of having paid the worldly penalty of being a doctor, I would stand at least a fair chance of going to heaven, but after these days of seasickness I felt sure I had taken the wrong road. When finally the lights of Honolulu were sighted and the coarse blast of the whistle indicated that we were soon to go ashore, all feeling of sickness vanished, and lining up on deck for the review of the quarantine doctor we were soon on land; and such a land! Of all the beautiful places I have ever visited, this is the most delightful.

A Wonderful Country.

Away out here, in the broad Pacific ocean, nature has

combined land and sea and climate with bloom, vegetation and verdure in such a way as to make all mankind exclaim in admiration. Here on every hand, everywhere, are wonderful mountain scenes, broad harbors and ocean expanses, summer breezes and liquid sunshine, with almost continuous rainbows to delight.

The entrancing grandeur, the invigorating atmosphere, each afford entertainment and enjoyment surpassing expression. The people are most interesting and represent almost every nationality under the sun. The Chinaman, the Jap, the Portuguese, the South Sea islander, the Korean and the Filipino are all a study, but there are none so agreeable to meet as the real Hawaiian.

Great, stalwart men and women of fine physique, kind and generous in disposition, honest, frank and loving by nature, they make a study of great interest. Their songs and music of the softest, most sympathetic and soothing kind, tell of their disposition. No one falls under the influence of their gentle disposition, their soft and melodious voices, their polite and attentive manner, but feels a sorrow at the thought that they are becoming extinct as a race.

Development of Islands.

The development of the Islands and our possession of them is all most interesting, but as I am to content myself in this article with matters practical, I will call the reader's attention to some of the products of the islands, the chief of which is sugar, and, next in rank, pineapples. The sugar cane has to be replanted every three or four years. It requires about two years to mature a crop and, where good farming methods are employed, farming brings a good income to the homesteader land owner. Sugar cane is harvested mostly by hand. There is no special season for cutting and it is usually planted so as to mature by fields, therefore harvesting, seeding and cultivating may all be going on in separate parts of the same plantation at the same time. When ready for harvesting it is first trimmed of its leaves, which are like the leaves of our native corn. It is then cut and put in bundles of about twenty or thirty stalks and placed in a flume, which is a long box or trough filled with water, which floats the bundles to the mill. These flumes are sometimes twenty-five miles long and are

built at great expense, both in original construction and future maintenance.

The Easiest Way.

This is said to be much the easiest way of handling the cane, and wherever water is accessible the flume is employed. Where there is no water, small engines with sections of portable track are laid in the fields, and the cane loaded on the cars which take it directly to the mill; or where the country is rough, cables for carrying the bundles are erected; these operate much as do our litter carriers or hay stackers in this country.

The handling of sugar cane from the time it leaves the field until it is extracted and distilled is a most interesting process and entails much skill and most efficient business methods. Science, mechanics and art, all play a part in furnishing for us the millions of tons of sugar we use each year. As one studies the process by which sugar is taken from the ground and air and then follow the system by which it is converted into one of our great staples of life, one can but thank a munificent providence for his generosity and inventive man for his ingenuity.

Sugar Cane Native Plant.

Sugar cane to the Hawaiian islands is a native plant and all the natural conditions indicate that the Hawaiian islands are especially adapted to its growth. For that reason it seems wrong that meddlesome politics should take from sugar the protection that makes this great territorial possession of the United States of great value.

If economics no where else shows the advisability of tariff protection this one article of sugar certainly does, for if the tariff is removed from sugar all these thousands of acres of land adapted only to sugar raising must go back to comparative sterility and uselessness. No fair-minded man but will be impressed with the inevitable loss sure to result if we are to rob our sugar industry of its protection.

Only Seemingly Logical.

It may seem logical in theory to open our country to the markets of the world, but our recent experience along many courses has taught us that we had better be producers than purchasers only, for when once our own resources of production have been eliminated, then other markets may

combine against us and we will not only be unable to produce, but we will likewise be unable to purchase, save as we pay a non-competitive price. Better be it by far that we produce for ourselves at a higher price with well paid American labor, than that we be purchasers at any price from other nations, whose laboring element must work for starvation prices. Sugar production is a great industry which needs and deserves generous protection.

The Pineapple Industry.

The pineapple industry of Hawaii is also of great magnitude for there are parts of the islands that will not raise sugar. Pineapples are not by far as important an article of production and use as sugar. Pineapples can not be shipped in large quantities, because of being so perishable; so the long sea voyage to their nearest market makes it necessary that they be canned on the islands.

It is a most interesting sight to watch the process of canning. It is practically all done by machinery. The fruit grows much as the head of cabbage and is cut off in the same manner. After cutting they are first sized by a machine through which they pass, whereby they are graded. From this point on they are not touched by hands until they are finally canned and ready for shipment.

One unaccustomed can scarcely imagine how wonderfully machinery is constructed and operated to prepare the pineapple as we buy it from our grocers.

YANKEE INGENUITY.

The same Yankee ingenuity that has converted cotton into cloth, that has produced American canned meats for one half the world and prepares its milk to withstand all climates and keep it edible, has been brought to bear in the pineapple industry.

This day and age demands of all industries, thrift, energy, efficiency, economy and these principles are to be found as carefully worked out and fulfilled in handling the products of the Hawaiian islands, as here in our own Buckeye state and out of this has come to them success and profit.

Many Other Products.

There are many other products of the islands worthy of consideration. The especial one is the taro plant, from which is made the staple Hawaiian food product called poi.

Taro is grown in wet grounds and its root is dried and ground by the natives in large mortars by hand. From this meal or powder is made the poi which when ready for use is something like the flour paste we use for hanging wallpaper. It has a slightly acid taste and is eaten by the natives by dipping the finger in the poi bowl and then licking it from the finger. This is not a very graceful performance, at least when practiced for the first time by the tourist, but we are in the land of the native and must conform to the custom.

Poi suits the needs of the native islander. It is easy of production, likewise easy of digestion, highly nutritious, containing as it does all the important blood-making constituents and has much to do with the making of the large men and women who are natives of the islands.

Nature's Way Wonderful Way.

Nature's way is certainly a wonderful way and nowhere better evidenced than in the natural food products that are to be found in this locality.

A most delicious fruit which is found here is the papaya. This resembles our muskmelon in shape and color, but, unlike the muskmelon, it grows on trees and is found in all sections of the islands. Every home boasts of at least one or two papaya trees, which produce fruit for the family's consumption. This fruit, like the vegetable poi, is very nutritious, very palatable and no doubt was originated and constituted for tropical countries.

Fish of Delicious Flavor.

Fish of the most delicious flavor and finest of meat, as well as fish of the most beautiful colors and grotesque forms, abound here. Nothing that I have ever witnessed has given me greater surprise or more entertainment than the aquarium at Honolulu. Here one sees samples of the fish inhabitants of the South seas that are marvels in coloring. The plumage of the bird kingdom can not be compared with the brilliant colorings of the fish. Some are of the deepest blue, some of the brightest yellow, here and there are some tinted with all the shades of green, others again with black and white and red, so combined as to make one wonder at the harmony and further to inquire where they get their gorgeous decorations so far down into the deep of the almost bottomless Pacific.

No one should ever visit Honolulu without seeing the aquarium, for here they will find one of the greatest of nature's productions, and, in the casual observation of it, one of the greatest of nature's entertainment.

Nature's Picture Shows.

By the way nature has many beautiful shows that are to be seen everywhere, and if we were to only look carefully at our own surroundings as produced by nature at home, we would have less need for picture shows and vaudeville. The growing plant, the flowering shrub, the weed by the wayside, the insects, the bee, and a thousand other things which are about us everywhere could afford us much of enjoyment, if we only look for the good and beauty each possess.

Here in the Hawaiian islands which nature seemed to have belched up from the bottom of the sea, one finds a ceaseless and ever changing panorama of new and interesting things. Her mountains present some of the highest of peaks and the longest of high ranges. One looking from this garden spot of beauty and bloom sees in the near distance the snow capped mountains towering in majestic silence toward the sun and at their feet one sees the breakers of the sea as they rush in with the tide and the suppressed roar these ceaseless breakers give forth, add both awe and joy to the natural setting.

MILADY NATURE'S TOILET.

In the islands Dame Nature seems to have been late in completing her toilet and the king of kings slow in rounding out his work, for here we find an active volcano, which with its river of red hot lava still flowing in ceaseless torrents within one's view, shows that the caldron in which the world was melted is still heated, and evidently the purpose of it, especially in the Hawaiian islands, has not yet been served, for here one finds every few years a new coating of lava thrown out over vast areas that have been still for many years.

We are told that we would miss one of nature's greatest wonders if we did not visit the active volcano of Kilauea. This meant another sea voyage, for the volcano is on the island of Hawaii, 200 miles southeast of Honolulu.

This is in the regular line of "The Matsonia's" course,

so we are back again on shipboard with our captain and crew bound for Hilo, the second important seaport of the Hawaiian islands.

Hilo is thirty-one miles from the volcano. This distance is soon passed by automobile over a fine macadam road—and one is soon at the Volcano house on the edge of the crater.

Overcome With Awe.

Looking down into the great crater of Kilauea one is overcome with the awe that possesses him. Here one finds a living picture of his early Methodist teachings; here, within one's own view, is an eternal inferno. Lying face downward, looking over the crest of the crater, one sees a bright red river of fire rushing on, no one knows where, coming from no one knows where, but roaring and hissing with a violence that fills one with terror at its violence and its volume. It is night, dark as pitch, we are four thousand feet above the sea, the wind is blowing cold and raw from off the snow-capped range just to the rear of us. We are strangers in a strange land. Silence in our little party prevails, for each is overpowered by the weirdness of the scene.

Out of these depths at present, 400 feet below the surface of the crater, are constantly pouring volumes of smoke and steam, which, with a hiss and a roar, sweep out of the top of the volcano, pass swiftly on in the lurid light and in the teeth of the wind to become a part of that ethereal body that surrounds the earth and makes our existence possible.

Presently some one remarks that night is advancing and, since it is eight miles to the nearest hotel, we should be on the way. With scarcely a word from any member of the party we pick our steps carefully and slowly back over the creaking lava to our automobile, which is in waiting.

Take a Long Breath.

Arriving at the machine again, feeling the assurance of being on terra firma, we each take a long breath to compensate for the suspension of same while looking into the crater. Then comes to each of us some expression of surprise, admiration or wonderment at what we have seen. Here we have been looking down into the bottomless abyss, where things living have ceased to exist, where only the roar of the elements hold sway. Where man, no matter how big or great or strong, is as but the slightest pigmy in comparison.

Out into the government road we take our way and are soon speeding back to accustomed things and scenes, but ever and anon, the lurid sky tells us again and again that, in this caldron, was being held in solution the elements that had made such a great part of this island.

The Volcano house, which is the tourist's resort while visiting the volcano, is 4,000 feet above the sea level, three-fifths of a mile up and up, and still only a step toward the summits of surrounding mountains.

Weather Cold Near Volcano

The weather at the volcano house is cold, especially so to those who have just come from the semi-tropics of the coast line, and we are all happy when, early the following morning, the automobile signals that we are to be off to new scenes and other interesting experiences.

Riding rapidly down from the Volcano house we are soon able to put off our winter wraps, for the weather here is much like our May and June.

Over as fine an automobile road as we have ever chanced to travel, we are soon speeding down toward the sea on the south side of Hawaii. Here again we are to meet things strange and phenomenal, for now we come to the district of the great lava flows. On every hand in all directions stretch miles and miles of broken, barren, dark-colored rock, which had been belched out of the nearby volcanoes a half century ago. A new section of the world had been making and was finally delivered.

But in all this jagged, barren roughness, nature has brought new seeds of flowers, herbs, fruits and trees to embellish this desolate scene.

Camp for Prisoners.

By the roadside is a camp for prisoners who have been committed for various crimes. Instead of keeping them in idleness, in confinement, the territorial government of Hawaii puts them out to make the roads and they do it well. This is a sensible plan of dealing with a social problem that is well worth the while. Why should not we in Ohio profit by this example and instead of incarcerating our criminals, treat them if they are sick, or employ them if they are well?

Nothing does more toward making good men and women than some healthful occupation; nothing will give

one better thoughts or higher aims than doing something that makes the world better, no matter what or how. In this I feel sure that Hawaii is setting an example and establishing a policy well worth emulation.

This is what I call a practical religion applied, the results of which do not need to be guessed at. These are prayers answered as the big world goes on and the theologian, the philanthropist, the eugenicist and the moralist can all find here a lesson worth remembering.

Ocean in View.

A few miles further down the mountain side, old ocean again comes in view and we know, without inquiry, that we are on the opposite side of Hawaii. Out over the deep, blue sea Old Sol is taking his daily course, lending enchantment to the view. In the spray from the Pacific, springs rainbows and colored mists that are most striking. Still a few miles further on one is in the desert district of the southwest coast. At Hilo, just fifty miles to the east, rain fell last year to the depth of 300 inches, twenty-five feet of rain in one year. Rain is a part of the day's program every day of the year, so to get within a few hours where rain scarcely ever falls is quite a transition, but this is a land of wonders. We are soon gliding through pleasant villages, with stores, schoolhouses and churches, all telling of American push and enterprise even in these distant possessions.

School Superintendent.

One of the great treats on this occasion was to meet the superintendent of schools of the west coast of Hawaii, a fine, big, whole-souled American woman, who is helping to make the children of this far-off land capable and worthy citizens, and the plan by which she accomplishes that end would be well worth employing at home.

Here they believe in making men and women prepared by the education they get, to be of some good, practical use in the world. When they are fifteen years of age, each student is examined to learn of his or her special fitness, and instead of their following on through the theoretical courses of high school they are put into some special vocation or trade that will make them producers. They are educated to work and are taught to believe that it is both honorable and necessary to produce as well as enjoy

the productions of others. We find here boys and girls climbing the ladder of fame which in Hawaii spells energy and thrift, independence and success, rather than useless idleness. To have a job, to be wishing to work and to know how, are the greatest of privileges.

Break in Day's Journey.

A break in the day's journey was made at a wayside inn. A most delightful, restful place it was, for it was operated by the greatest of God's handiwork, a woman, and a lady, for, although she was keeping a hotel, she was educated in art and music, fluent in language, full of American spirit and with all thoroughly domestic, so much so that the whole house showed that a real mistress was in charge.

SPIRIT OF WOMANHOOD.

How I wished that some of our young girls at home could feel the spirit of this place and to realize, as I did, that one of woman's greatest accomplishments is domestic ability. When our educational system has reached the place that it will teach our girls to be real mothers and wives and possessors of real homes on their own account, or to help in maintaining one for others, then our educational system will be well worth the while, and one of our greatest help problems will have been solved.

Lava Flow of 1907.

A few miles farther on and we are at the lava flow of 1907. Only seven years ago, from the side of one of these great mountains started forth a little showing of smoke; a little later there began to pour forth a rivulet of red hot lava and for days this kept up until vast areas of country were submerged in a brown molten mass. It is most interesting to note how lava disposes itself. One would naturally think being more than half liquid that it would seek only the low places but this is not true. Forced by its inherent energy, it scales walls, hills and ordinary elevations of the landscape, leaving here and there a large or small green patch to show to the visitor or the resident where bloom and fertility had existed before nature decided to change the scene.

For miles and miles this molten mass pushed its way

until hundreds upon hundreds of acres were submerged. With floods, such as the Dayton flood, a few days finds the worst over; but a lava flood lasts forever and whatever of living thing is in its way must perish without hope of rehabilitation. All life becomes extinct and the debris is irremovable, a great and lasting disaster. This no doubt is one of the penalties for the enjoyment of nature's special privileges, another evidence of the ever acting law of compensation, further testimony in behalf of the belief that life has a little of hell and heaven, both, as we pursue life's course.

Visit a Big Sugar Mill.

On the island of Hawaii we visited one of the largest, best and most complete sugar mills on the islands.

This plantation contains 25,000 acres, the greater part of which is under active cultivation, and the production of which is phenomenal and the working of it all and the history of its development most interesting. The place employs 1,000 regular laborers, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Filipinos; each family having a comfortable home with good American school and church advantages, with hospital, laboratory and good sanitary surroundings, constituting a community and a purpose well worth the while. Besides making sugar on this plantation they also make educated men and women.

Another Revelation.

Another of the revelations of these islands of Hawaii was a trip to a lumber camp at Pahoe, where is supplied some of the most valuable of wood for various uses. There are two varieties, kukui and ohia, both of which are most beautiful in grain and capable of most perfect finish.

Much of this wood is dug out of the ground, where great trees have been felled and buried by the volcanic eruptions. A rare sight, this digging trees for lumber, and a treat indeed is a visit to one of these camps. From this lumber camp we returned to Hilo.

Hilo is the leading town of the island of Hawaii, and it was from here we were privileged to ride over the most expensive railroad in the world, representing also one of the great engineering feats of the age.

Railroad Costs Millions.

This railroad is only forty-five miles long, but cost mil-

lions of dollars to construct. It is built along the sea coast on the side of a mountain range with high peaks and deep canyons which have to be surmounted and crossed by all manner of ingenious methods; as example we crossed a gorge, making almost a half circle in doing so, on a steel trestle 195 feet high. On the one side, towering mountains, on the other a fathomless sea. To the American traveler, who thinks he should go abroad for scenery, I would commend the Hawaiian islands as full of scenic interest. There he will meet also people of his own kind, speaking his own language, engaged in his own pursuits, full of the generosity and hospitality that is truly American.

Back To Honolulu.

The allotted time for our stay at Hawaii has elapsed, the ship is to sail for Honolulu at 5 p. m. It is now 5 and we have the scrappy bay to cross and to go aboard the ship from a rough sea, so we are off once more. A night's run finds the ship's log telling us we have sailed 200 miles, the landing whistle, the lowering of the gang plank, and the long docks showing in the morning mist tells us we are back in Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. Now, we are to begin in earnest our acquaintanceship with the fellows who do things in these far-off islands of the sea.

In the description of a trip to the Hawaiian islands, I would fail in my impressions if I do not attempt an introduction to the citizens of the islands.

The estimated population on June 30, 1914, was 227,391, composed of the following races: Hawaiians, 38,786; Caucasians, 24,450; Japanese, 89,715; Chinese, 21,631; Portuguese, 23,209; the remainder, Filipinos, Spanish, Porto Ricans and other islanders.

Thus you will readily see that the races of men are very well represented on this group of islands belonging to the United States. The Caucasians and Hawaiian inhabitants compose the leading social and business life. I wish it were possible to portray the enthusiastic way in which the business man crowded their club meetings. Oh! that I might impress my fellows at home with what push and energy can do for a community, but words will not express it. I can only hope to have the opportunity from time to time to impress the ideas that were instilled within me by these Honoluluans. There are a number of clubs and

many beautiful club houses, all telling of the disposition of push and energy.

Their Chamber of Commerce.

In their chamber of commerce they have a system of doing things that is well worth emulating. In their "Ad" club, they take the lead in all matters of civic and commercial interest. On Wednesday of each week they hold a dinner at the leading hotel of the city, in which all matters of the city's interest are discussed and acted upon.

One of the delightful features of their meetings is the introduction of strangers. All visitors are welcome and after the regular business of the meeting has been finished, the visitors are called upon for remarks, and I can assure you that it is well worth the while to hear the after-dinner speeches that are made. My stories are tame and fossilized beside them. Yet I am glad to say they were generous enough to laugh at some of the chestnuts we pulled off when responding for Ohio.

The "Ad" club has a very unique way of conducting its business. They never put the negative side of any question, consequently there are never any dissenting votes. Their rule is execution rather than resolution. So they accomplish much.

Stores Are Marvels.

The stores and shops of Honolulu are marvels of attractiveness. The men and women conducting them are well advanced in business principles. The broad boulevards, the fine streets, the parks, the modern street railway system, the light and power plant; in fact, everything of the public utilities class were evidences of the modern spirit of Americanism, which everywhere prevails in this beautiful city of 60,000 people.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the churches, public schools and other educational institutions are all of such a kind as to rank them with the best to be found anywhere.

The women of Honolulu are living evidences of all that comes from intelligence, education, refinement and true womanly instinct. They, too, are ever active in combined and individual effort to make the world in which they live broader and better, and they are most generous in the welcome they extend to visitors and in their entertainment of them. If any one from the States visits Honolulu and ex-

pects to find back numbers, they will be much surprised, for the leading spirits of the place, whether Oriental or Caucasian, are of the progressive kind who need to acknowledge no peers. Here in this great field of contact with the leaders of the world they have associations that put them well in the front in intellectual achievement, social accomplishment, etc.

A Grand Lot of People.

A grand lot of men and women are they. None the less so is the ex-Queen Liliuokalani, whom we had the privilege of meeting, and who even now in advanced age has the bearing, dignity and grace of a great woman, to whom we as Americans should feel duty bound to afford maintenance and protection worthy her station in life.

The government of the Hawaiian islands is very similar to our state government, excepting that the acting territorial governor, Lucius E. Pinkham, is appointed by the president of the United States. The present incumbent of the office is one of the grandest of men, full of the spirit of right and justice in administration; a man untrammelled by party politics; full of the needs of the islands, and determined to make and execute such laws as will best safeguard the majority of all these people. With a determination to be and do right, he goes forward with his manifold duties honorably and decisively—a great officer, a companionable gentleman. The governor has surrounded himself with a corps of co-workers, who are carrying into daily execution the laws he lays down, and the vast matter of improvement of the islands is going forth in step and accord with the true American spirit, and, if we meet with no outside interference, the Hawaiian islands will be one of our choicest possessions as well as a great bulwark to our western coast protection. As they are now they will always continue to be the sentry on guard for all hostile approach from the east.

The Japanese Question.

I said if they remained in our possession. That, of course, implies a doubt, and that doubt is based upon the Japanese question.

Looking at this question as one must at close range, there are some phases of it which may well give us concern.

The Japanese are an aggressive people; furthermore,

they are intelligent and they are crafty. They are already overcrowded in their own country and necessity is forcing them to seek other lands and new homes. This makes of them a menace to the United States, for they are more than anxious to become citizens in this country and with the knowledge they possess, when the time comes, they will not hesitate to displace us if they can.

It is a grand thing to be at peace with the world, but it is always well to be able to maintain one's rights whatever may betide, and this brings this article to the army and navy as represented in the islands.

Preparedness of Uncle Sam.

Through the courtesy of the officers of the army and navy, we were able to get special privileges and insight into their questions of our preparedness and the needs in Oahu. The conclusions we reached after viewing the troops and visiting the various posts, was that Oahu, chief of the Hawaiian islands group, was a most important outpost for the United States, that from it might come the first signal of invasion from the far East and upon its citizens depends the holding in check of all invaders until such a time as our navy could go to the rescue.

This involves much in the way of military and naval fitness, for unless we are prepared to meet the competition of the world in armament and educated, experienced men, this great rich territory would be snatched from us in a twinkling; therefore it seems incumbent upon us as a self-respecting nation to provide bountifully for the needs. To do this our munitions of war should be kept at the highest standard of excellency, our forts should be of the latest and best of construction, our men of the best trained and experienced type.

The Profession of War.

War is no longer a haphazard getting together of men and guns, but it is a profession, scientific and exact.

No man ever visits a modern fort and reviews its operations, but he is impressed with the importance of it all. It was our privilege to see in review twelve thousand American soldiers at Schofield barracks, a military post twenty-five miles out from Honolulu under the command of Major General W. H. Carter.

No more inspiring scene could be imagined than

twelve thousand American citizens in soldiers garb executing the different maneuvers of an army in action. The day was a perfect one, such as we Ohioans have in our country in late May. The parade ground is on a tableland 2,000 feet above sea level, which, from a range of mountains on the west, it slopes in natural amphitheater shape toward the sea.

In the field of operations were at least three hundred acres, and forming in one corner of this field were regiments of infantry, companies of cavalry and batteries of artillery, all uniformed and equipped with the habiliments of war. At the sound of the bugles, with the music of bands and the flying of colors the word to advance was passed along.

Powerful in Equipment.

Slowly and with measured tread the whole body was brought into line, and once in motion these American boys of ours did look grand in their khaki uniforms, glorious in their expression of freedom, powerful in their equipment. As they passed the reviewing stand lined with superior officers and prominent guests they all bespoke, in their general appearance, the responsible position they had assumed and a willingness every man to die, if need be, for his native land.

This was truly an hour of pride to the civilian visitor, for it filled him also with the joy of freedom and love of country; furthermore it taught him how wonderful our personal resources, and how great our need of such as these to defend our honor and maintain for us our place among the nations of the world.

After each regiment, company and battery had passed walking, they were then commanded to pass double quick as if going into hurried action on the field.

This was the climax of a wonderful day, for as this large body of men afoot, on horseback and on caissons passed at full speed, the whole atmosphere was charged with enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer from the onlookers rent the air and were echoed and reechoed from the mountain tops beyond.

Here was living evidence of our possibilities in producing an army worth the while. Not the least attractive of it all was the way the horses played their part. Each animal knew his exact place and just what was expected of

him, and each one went into action with all the spirit of the men, and as they galloped by, they too, seemed to say, "We are also Americans ready and willing to defend the Stars and Stripes."

The parade over, we visited the barracks and met many of the fellows in the ranks, as they stood here and there at attention, ever ready with their military salute. The men's quarters at the post, as everywhere else, were ideals of sanitary cleanliness and order, showing that men at army posts, as in the field, must know the value of preservation of health, and so each soldier in following the direction of the army post surgeon carries into execution the rules and regulations of modern hygiene which will keep him free from disease.

Sickness Almost Unknown.

Under such ruling and the army regulations, sickness is almost unknown in this soldier city away out on the islands in midocean. It was a great privilege to meet the officers and learn by direct contact of their personnel. A fine lot of men are these who command our military and naval forces such as we must recognize as heroic servants, for even with the country at peace, to be confined as military men are, to be subjected to the necessity of change of orders without reason, to be poorly compensated, and, finally, to be denied many of the bare necessities of a successful organization, means much of loyalty, much of genuine self-denial and love of country, to continue in Uncle Sam's service. If we, as a nation, could only disenfranchise ourselves from the littleness of politics, if we could determine upon a policy and then elect business men to carry these policies into execution and maintain them at a high standard, ours would really be the leading nation of the world.

SCIENCE OF GUNNING.

At the forts we saw many mortars and the big fourteen-inch gun, which is the marvel of the day in the ease with which it is handled, the distance it will shoot and the accuracy of its fire. The accomplishment of any gunner depends on a mathematical exactness which makes the firing of one of these death-dealing monsters, a science, and its operators must not only be good mechanics, but also expert mathematicians, for every shot is fired in accord with mathematical

precision which involves the size of the target, the distance it is off, the speed with which it is moving, the resistance of the atmosphere and many other details which make of modern warfare a science.

At the coast defense forts we saw coast mines, submarine boats and the various apparatus that is used in modern naval warfare. It was marvelous, the manner in which the coast mine is constructed and the certainty with which it can be fired. Some discharge automatically by contact, some by signal, while others are so constructed as to retard the explosion even after being struck. All of this means the working out of scientific mechanical principles that makes the visitor halt in admiration of the man who knows how and when to do it all. Of all the human wonders in naval warfare the submarine seems the chief.

Destructive Demons of Deep.

To think of such a destructive demon going down under the water where it may stay for five days manned with a crew of twenty men, charged with air to supply their breathing needs, armed with death-dealing missiles, fired by the use of the periscope with as much precision as though on land.

To see one of them steam off on the water and then at once stern first to begin to sink from sight, is awe-inspiring. Little by little it disappears, first the hull, then the deck and pilothouse and, finally, the flag and main mast are gone from view and not a ripple on the surface tells of its whereabouts. Later at the command of the captain it reappears without one mark to tell of the experience. One stands with bated breath as the noble crew, made up of gallant, educated young men, assume the liability of losing their lives even in practice, one is impressed with the magnanimous spirit and the love of country that prompts in such a perilous business.

In the navy yards at Pearl harbor one meets with other men of rank and of special fitness for naval adaption. Resourceful, educated, practical men who at present are in charge of the building of a shipyard where our battleships can be repaired when necessary and where such craft as need be can be built. This entails great drydocks, modern machinery of special design and great capacity, also the ingenuity, management and operation of great men,

such as we met at Pearl harbor in the person of Admiral Moore and his full complement of officers and men.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

In the vicinity of Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, we Americans have much at stake. No American citizen can look his country's welfare fully in the face that does not realize how easy it would be for Japan to make us trouble. On these islands are 70,000 Japs, and some day their sagacity and pride are going to assert themselves. This is not a war cry or a scarecrow, for I am for peace, but looking into the barrel of a loaded gun, one can but realize that it might go off, and such is the Japanese question. With these impressions forced upon me, by due personal observation, I can but feel that Uncle Sam should fortify and man these island possessions, as well as all our mainland harbors, with the best of armament and the strongest of means.

To Fight Is Human.

Stinginess on the part of congress, restrictions on the part of the administration and unpreparedness on the part of the people, should be frowned upon. While we all stand firmly for peace let us not forget that to fight has been the nature of the world, and true to nature it will continue to the end.

It is argued that the Jap will be Americanized in time, but such a theory is against all the evidence of the past. What is born in the blood, comes out in the spirit and the flesh. And no Jap, however many generations apart, will forsake the tenets of his inheritance for the policies and government of the Caucasian race. Once a Jap always a Jap. I do not say this as against them, for they have some very commendable qualities, but they also have some very bad inborn traits which if allowed to predominate, would mean trouble for us as a nation. Knowing this why should we hesitate to be ready, if our resources are never needed, all the better, but if they are needed, we will be ready, and to be ready means to be victorious.

"Honolulu, Dear Honolulu."

The day has arrived when we are to bid this fair land adieu. The steamer Sierra, in which we have engaged passage, is to sail at noon. The morning is spent in Alohas

to the friends we have made, and it is with no little regret that we ascend the gangplank of the ocean liner that is to bear us back to the mainland. Although our stay has been a short one, it has been most delightful. The things we have seen, the people we have met, the privileges and pleasures that have been ours—all serve as bonds of love and attraction to this haven of rest. "Honolulu, dear Honolulu, it is with regret we leave you."

At the wharf are many of our new-made friends to wish the party bon-voyage. A very pretty custom in this country is to decorate the parting guest with wreaths of flowers—leis—a most beautiful custom, for in the flowers of this land are expressed all the beauty of color, all the aroma of sweet scent, and all the attractiveness of form that nature can produce. The flowers and music of this land are in fine accord with the disposition of the people.

To receive them at their hands is to be honored by them, a compliment well worth the while. One after another of our new-found friends placed around our necks these emblems of affection, until we looked like the flower venders themselves. These not only expressed the kindly feeling of the people but they also endeared them the more to us. Days after when at sea we enjoyed their fragrance and beauty. They took us back to the land we had left, with a renewed feeling of admiration.

Six days more at sea and the towering stacks and steeples of San Francisco come into view. As the great ocean liner steamed through the Golden Gate into the harbor to a safe landing, we were happy in the consciousness of being home again, for it seemed like home, even though we were many miles from Marion.

We are now to see the Panama-Pacific exposition.

We arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu on February 19, the day preceding the opening of the exposition. Up to this time we had been engaged with foreign people and entertained by nature's own productions. Now we were to see in the Panama-Pacific exposition the handiwork of the people of the United States and it was not to be a disappointment, for here under the auspices of a local board of directors, financed chiefly by California capital, we were to see the greatest of expositions.

On Saturday, February 20, the exposition was formally opened and what a sight it was. What an experience to enjoy! Words are inadequate and vocabulary too limited

to convey an idea of the magnitude, the grandeur, the glory of it all, as it presented itself upon this our first visit. Whichever way one turns are to be seen wonders in architecture, sculpture, design, color scheme and landscape. Every nook and corner is full of attractive, material things, wrought by human hands and embellished by bountiful nature.

Many Things To See.

Proceeding slowly from one section of the grounds to another, we found new things to observe, new emblems to read. The whole day was given up to the viewing of buildings and grounds and familiarizing ourselves with the exterior of the place.

A part of the time was spent at our own Ohio state building, which is a replica of the state capitol at Columbus. Here we met the members of the state commission, the chairman of which is Mr. Newton Miller, well known in Marion from his connection with the Ohio Tractor Manufacturing company.

The Ohio state building bespeaks the Buckeye spirit of generosity and hospitality, for among the other states, we, as a state, are well represented and the architect who designed the building is to be complimented. From a few days' observation I am sure that many of Ohio's sons and daughters will find here a haven of rest and an enjoyable place of meeting as more and more of our citizens visit the exposition.

The Opening Day.

On opening day, thousands of people passed its portals and for one I can say to our state officials, who engineered and finally consummated the project, they did well and are to be congratulated upon the building and its furnishings; also upon the selection of those in direct charge.

This opening day has slipped rapidly by, night is approaching. Soon this great artistic city is to be enlivened with fireworks and electric illumination. A loud report is heard. Out into the night goes forth the signal which is to start the evening program. Almost in the winking of an eye thousands upon thousands of electric lights flash from everywhere. They are seen flashing down the tall spires of most artistic entrances; around the cornice of long buildings, into the hands and mouths and eyes of great

works of sculpture, scattered here and there; across street archways, down into the depth of sparkling fountains, then back again into heretofore unobserved nooks and crannies, up the corners of monstrous buildings, thence around the domes, and, finally, back again to sparkling spires, until all about and around is full of light. In the midst of all this that is furnished by dynamo, wire and tungsten, the grandest of fireworks are illuminating the sky. Here one sees a flash of flame, a burst of stars; there, floating in the sky, the emblem of American freedom, the stars and stripes, in natural colors.

LIKE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Looking oceanward one finds a ceaseless cloud of steam pouring from a monster engine. This steam was illuminated by colored flash lights, with all the hues of the rainbow, and, as it floated skyward, it was like one great Aurora Borealis, occupying the entire heavens.

Another explosion and the heavens are a burst of flowers, and showers of colored stars. Again the sky is illumined with exploding bombs in imitation of modern warfare, from still more modern aircraft. Every second is full of colored lights and night is turned into day.

The great tower of jewels, at the main entrance, sparkles as one great diamond. For hours, well into the night, does this grand panegyric continue. Never since time began has such an electric spectacle been presented and to be a participant in this first electrical exhibition of the exposition was a pleasure indeed.

Without an Equal.

No one should fail to visit the Panama-Pacific exposition who can possibly do so, for its like has never been attempted and no doubt it will be generations before it will be excelled.

In all of the vast buildings are housed industrial treats, mechanical wonders, instructive demonstrations, practical illustrations in comparative values; making a study of the world's production as here expressed well worth the while. To attempt to tell of the wonders within the great acreage of show space would be to fail. It must be seen to be appreciated. From our own neighbor, the Galion Iron works,

with a most attractive display, to the farthestmost parts of the globe have been assembled things of great interest to all the people, all of which is most pleasing to contemplate.

Here one finds how rapid the march of progress; how wonderful the constant change that is everywhere going on and finally the consolation that our own country is well abreast of the times. This all makes it a joy to participate in viewing this great exposition and doing our part to make of it a success.

All things in this world sooner or later come to an end and our party of four, who had been so closely associated for many weeks, now found it necessary to take different courses, Senator and Mrs. Harding returning to Los Angeles to visit relatives and friends, while we took our course northward to Seattle.

Off to Seattle.

Boarding the Southern Pacific Shasta limited train we were soon to measure again the great distance that lies between the Pacific coast cities. It is almost 1,000 miles due north from San Francisco to Seattle. This, too, over high mountains, across great rivers and through vast areas of both fertile and untillable land.

Knowing that we were to be about 1,500 miles north of home, realizing that February is the mid-winter month, we supposed, of course, we would find some quite marked winter weather, but such was not to be our experience, for even at the most northern terminus of our journey we found the climate moderate. This is due to the effect of the Japanese current which flows across the ocean to our western coast, tempering the extremes of heat and cold. This northwest section, however, has a great amount of rain during the winter months. The high mountains of the coast are always covered with snow, and one is never out of sight of real winter at any time of the year.

Improvement Manifest.

We had been over this same route ten years ago. To one from the East, making comparisons with eastern things, the improvement of the western country is very apparent.

The train on which we are traveling is of the most modern type with compartments, drawing-rooms, dining and observation cars, equipped with everything to be found

in a first-class, up-to-date hotel. Electric lighted library, stenographer, telephone connections from the train, bath room, barber shop, manicurist, etc.—a veritable palace on wheels.

For the first 200 miles we are in a beautiful farming country, with numerous towns and villages, then we begin the climb of the Sierra range of mountains, whose towering heights and giant peaks ever force upon one the thought that the universe was designed by a mighty Architect and its Builder one highly gifted in resource.

Noting the changes presenting on a mountain side, as one observes them from base to summit, one finds at the base fertile valleys and for 10,000 feet up the jagged sides, vegetation of various kinds.

Perpetual Snow.

From 10,000 feet snow and perpetual winter hold sway. Such a mountain peak as this, is Mt. Shasta, for which this railroad route is named. To one accustomed to the mountains of the Atlantic coast, such as the Adirondacks, the Blue Ridge and Alleghenys, these western mountain ranges are incomparable—they are entirely different—so much higher and more rugged and rocky in appearance. Like the great barrier they are, they make even the wind and clouds pay deference to them, and upon the one side turning the Japan current back upon itself, they bring both moisture and warmth to the whole coast-line, while just across the range the temperature is always many degrees lower and rain rarely falls.

Because of this, there is the great American desert, with its fruitless expanse, which nothing but the ingenuity of man and the conservation of resources will ever overcome. Man, however, equal to the demand, is already turning the rivers from their normal channel, building great lakes for reservoir supply and constructing great irrigation systems by which roses will blossom where only sage brush now abides. It is remarkable, indeed, what modern agricultural methods are doing for our arid plains, and it is almost miraculous the products resulting.

Land of Big Fruit.

In Oregon we are in the land of the apple, where, for size and coloring, they are unrivalled.

Every section of our country has some special feature

of usefulness, some interesting and inviting thing.

California has its lemons and oranges, etc.; Oregon its apples and berries; Washington its lumber and fish.

So we might go on with each of our states, and if disposed to enter into details, each county in each state would present some one thing that nature had arranged for as a specialty.

About Crabs.

One day while sailing on Puget Sound, our ship put in at a place where the specialty was crabs; the largest crabs I ever heard of are to be found here—the famous Dungeness crab.

Oregon City, Salem, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle are among the chief cities of this Northwest region. And each of them show great thrift and wonderful growth in the decade since we passed through them last—none more so than Seattle. Taking a Puget sound boat at midnight, the morning found us nearly 100 miles north of Seattle at Port Angeles.

Going out on deck at 6 o'clock the next morning, a view in the direction from whence we came showed the intermittent twinkle of a modern lighthouse at the end of a long spit which walled off the harbor. The sea, calm as a mill pond, flashed up the reflection of the powerful light until between us and the lighthouse all was radiant and aglow.

Sunrise in Puget Sound.

To the East, the first faint glimmers of a rising sun were bidding us good morning as the rays peeped over the mountain range standing grim and silent close by. Toward the starboard side we could see the lights of Victoria, the beautiful English city on Vancouver island just twenty miles across the sound. Forward over the ship's bow was plainly to be seen the Olympic mountains with their snow capped peaks extending off into the distance of the disappearing night.

At the base of the mountains was the village just awakening to another day—together a most delightful treat to the stranger coming unlooked for and unannounced. Passing down the gang plank in this early morning to a dock sparkling with a white frost, breathing the invigorating air to our full capacity, we were led to remark,

“Well, at last we are near another end of the world, where we would not find much outside of scenic interest.”

No Lingering Thought.

This thought did not possess us long, for soon a hotel drummer had our bags and we were on the way to a delightful little hotel that served us with a good breakfast and started us on our day of further revelation and experiences, with the full realization that no matter where you go in this big world some one has been there ahead of you, some one is there looking for you.

Forests and Sawmills.

All along Puget sound are great forests and large sawmills where shingles and lumber are turned out by the thousands, when market is favorable, but at this time the market is not favorable for the removal of the tariff has crippled all this lumber section of the country and we find here more of the unemployed, more signs of hard times than anywhere on the coast.

It may be all right for a speculative government to carry out platform policies, but as one sees the actual results of the broadside of tariff reform, they can but feel that Mr. Taft was not far from right when he suggested a non-partisan tariff commission made up of capable men who would go into the details of the tariff and finally work out a sensible plan. No set of politicians, with all the other demands on their time, can possibly give to this momentous question the consideration it deserves.

Protection Is Needed.

Just so long as party policies dominate, business will be disturbed. What this country needs now is all the protection it can get, with all the competition among ourselves that we can bring. These have been the policies that have made us what we are; why should we forsake them now?

Let us follow the rule of America for Americans and the whole world will hold us in higher regard, and our capitalists and laborers will live in closer affiliation and more successful operation.

Homeward Bound.

We are yet 2,700 miles from home, so going on board The Sol Duc—the Indian name for the ship we are to take

to Seattle—we are at last trending homeward. A lay-over of twenty-four hours at Portland, where we met many of our former Marion citizens, and we are leaving this very interesting and thriving city of Oregon for Chicago over the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line railroads.

From Portland we follow along the Columbia river, through many interesting scenes and places—through the Hood river valley, famous for its fine apples. Here are great storage-houses and long trains of refrigerator cars. The general appearance of activity on every hand leads one to feel that the fruit industry of Oregon is a great business. We met a man who, many years ago, lived at Lebanon, Ohio. After exchanging Buckeye greetings, he told me that for some time after coming west he would write to friends back home of the large apples, flowers, trees, etc., growing in the state of Oregon and Washington until they set him down as a big liar.

Not a Liar.

To demonstrate that he was not exaggerating, he sent to one of his Buckeye friends one of the largest apples he could find; to which his friend, replied: "For many years you have been writing us lies, now you are sending us one."

Summit of the Rockies.

Leaving the Columbia river we begin the gradual ascent to the summit of the Rockies which we cross in Wyoming, near Laramie. So gradual has been the climb, so interesting the passing panorama of mountain, valley and gorge, that we can scarcely realize it all when the trainman tells us we are over the summit, headed directly for the Middle West.

For almost two days more we are passing through great pasture lands on which feed thousands of cattle, broad agricultural districts with their diversified crops, on down into the industrial district east of the Mississippi, where thriving cities with their great workshops, are converting into useful products various kinds of raw material.

"Safety-First" Erie.

In Chicago we feel almost at home—and after a few hours' wait in this great Middle West metropolis we find ourselves on the good, old Erie, with its "Safety First" slogan, and morning finds us in Marion once more.

In the fifty days of absence, we have traveled nearly 13,000 miles, have passed through and visited in nineteen states besides the Hawaiian islands, and it is a pleasure to say that it is great to be home again, for no matter what may be offered as objections to old Ohio, we have not found any place in our travels more attractive as a place of abode than Marion, Marion county, Ohio.

The possibilities here are unequaled if we will only employ them industriously to our own advantage. The world about us is traveling at a rapid pace; to keep step we must be ever alert, working not only for ourselves, but for our community.

THE LESSONS DRAWN.

The lessons we have drawn from this experience have taught us that thrift and energy, based upon the square deal among our neighbors, will keep Marion in the vanguard, and that idleness, fault finding and indifference, with estrangement of employer and employe, will throttle our best interests and all will suffer.

Let us stand for a community of purpose that gives us the strength of union, and boost for Marion wherever and whenever we can.

“Marion for Everything.”

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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